Mow. Then thus I turne me from my Countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Rich. Returne againe and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our royall Sword, your baniſht hands,
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heaven
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelves)
To kepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You never ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth and Heaven)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor ever looke upon each others face,
Nor ever writ, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor ever by adviſed purpoſe meet,
To plot, contrive, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs our State, our Subjects, or our Land,
Bul. I ſweare.
Mow. And I to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo farre, as to mine enemy,
By this time (had the King permitted us)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this frayle ſepulcher of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons ere thou flie this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to goe, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbrooke*: If ever I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the Booke of Life,
And I from heaven baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heaven, thou, and I doe know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Save backe to England, all the worlds my way.
Rich. Vncle, even in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy grieued heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: ſixe frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home from baniſhment.
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:

Foure

Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton Springs
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere theſe ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change the Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.
Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeares to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt give;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorrow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrincle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Rich. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd upon good aduice
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gave,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gaun. Things ſweet to taſt, prove in digeſtion ſowre:
You urg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
You would have bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gave leave to my unwilling tongue,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
Rich. Coſin farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Au. Coſin farewell; what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leave take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou return'ſt no greeting to thy friends?